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NATIONAL REVIEW

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

A European Looks at American Intellectuals

WILHELM ROEPKE

Are You There?

AN EDITORIAL

The Multiplying Chinese Sons

MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM

Articles and Reviews by · · · · · · JOHN CHAMBERLAIN
MURRAY N. ROTHBARD · F. A. VOIGT · WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM
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For the Record

Any breakdown of the satellite empire would mean the loss to the Soviet Union of vital raw materials and a disruption of her industrial plan. Russia now gets coal from Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary; oil from Hungary, Rumania, Albania; potash from East Germany, steel from Hungary, Poland, Czechoslovakia; bauxite from Hungary; zinc and lead from Poland and Bulgaria.... Poland already has announced its intention to renegotiate its trade agreements with the Soviet Union. In addition, Poland is demanding 15 per cent of the German war reparations to the Soviet Union which Poland was to have received under big power international agreements after World War Two, but which the Soviet Union appropriated.

Initial satellite reactions to the Hungarian rebellion: Poland: the Hungarian rebels are in the right, the Soviet Union should withdraw; Yugoslavia and Red China: cautious approval when demonstrations led to Gero's fall and Nagy's return to power, turning to disapproval when insurgents forced Nagy to legalize other political parties; Czechoslovakia and Rumania: rebellion was fomented by "counter-revolutionary bandits" and should be ruthlessly quelled.

Premier Mollet emphasized in his National Assembly speech on the Mid-East crisis that hereafter France and Great Britain will inform but not consult the United States on what moves they intend to take in that area.... More than 300 out of 1,200 British reservists went AWOL last week rather than board a troop transport for Germany where they will replace troops recently sent to Cyprus.... the French press (with the exception of the Communist L'Humanité) approved Israel's invasion of Egypt.

An aircraft carrier, six destroyers and two submarines of the U.S. Navy were ordered from the Netherlands to the Mediterranean to reinforce the Sixth Fleet in Middle-Eastern waters.... The State Department requisitioned all American flagships in the Mediterranean for the evacuation of U.S. citizens from danger areas.

Chester Bowles is reported to be the man behind Adlai Stevenson's decision to stake his all on the H-bomb issue in this election despite protest by other Democratic party leaders who felt it might boomerang.... Louisiana voters protested in vain against the fact that they were given just three minutes in which to vote on a constitutional convention, 48 separate constitutional amendments and the local, state and national candidates. Louisiana law also forbids a voter to carry any notes with him into the election booth.... Of the Presidential candidates only T. Coleman Andrews came out strongly for the release of Americans in Communist prisons.

Four hundred and fifty to 500 Negro teachers have lost their jobs in the border states which are integrating their schools (nearly 300 in Oklahoma alone). Negro college graduates are being urged by their vocational directors to turn to other fields.... Twenty northern editors of small weekly newspapers announced after a tour of Mississippi that the South would have to solve its racial problems without outside interference.

The average hourly wage of factory workers hit two dollars in September for the first time in history. September employment exceeded 66 million.... Farm productivity, according to the Department of Agriculture, is up 75 per cent since 1910 (due to improved equipment, livestock breeding and fertilizing techniques) while the farm population has gone down 40 per cent in the same period.... Farmers have contracted to retire 8.7 million acres of winter wheat to the 1957 soil bank at the cost of $150.2 million.

The Supreme Court refused to review a decision which authorized "hot cargo" and "picket line" clauses in union contracts. (A "hot cargo" is a cargo moving to or from a picketed plant. The "picket line" clause permits employees to refuse to cross picket lines.)... Building costs rose 3 per cent in the first eight months of the year and even higher costs are predicted for next year when the higher steel prices make themselves felt.

NATIONAL REVIEW

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

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The WEEK

● The joint action of the British and French has left the world in a state of grotesque confusion, capped by the arm-in-arm collaboration of the Soviet Union and the United States within the United Nations. It is too early to know what will come of it all, but the very act of intervention and the circumstances in which it was initiated established two things: 1) two heretofore impossibly languorous nations of the West have, implicitly, rejected the suicidal generalization that force is necessarily an improper instrument for the effecting of any given purpose; and 2) Great Britain and France have shown the ultimate contempt for American indecision: they simply ignored us.

● Joseph Cardinal Mindszenty is free. We join the free world in prayerful thanksgiving for his release, and in admiring tribute to the devoted men and women who purchased with their lives the victory that freed him.

● (*Time*: *Eight days before election. Place*: *Uptown Manhattan, West Side. Operating out of a white jeep, a small group of Young Republicans are sidewalk stumping for Ike.*) Speaker: (*giving reasons why voters should like Ike*) "The Republican Party, under Eisenhower, is a party of progress. Things we would have considered socialistic twenty years ago are realities under the Eisenhower Administration! . . ." Question (from spectator): ". . . *should* a Republican approve of this?" Speaker: "Things have changed . . ." Spectator: "What would Taft have . . ." Speaker: "We're not Taft Republicans . . ." Spectator (*irate*): "I'll say you're not! As for me, I'll vote for T. Coleman Andrews." Speaker: "Who's he? . . ."

● NATIONAL REVIEW strongly believes that the American people cannot hear too much of the kind of political philosophy that Clarence Manion is putting—with his usual courage and his flair for brilliant oratory—into his speeches in behalf of T. Coleman Andrews. Who else is busy reminding American audiences, as we heard Dean Manion do the other night, that a diminution of individual liberty invariably follows centralization of control; that the Supreme Court, by encouraging the accumulation of power in Washington, is destroying the constitutional system it pretends to protect; and that the real "conservation" problem of our time is that of conserving the tradition of limited central government we inherited from the Founders?

● As we go to press the condemned—whose execution is scheduled for the typically gruesome hour of one minute after midnight—has six hours and sixty seconds to live; and the Prime Minister, though he happens to be the heir and star pupil of our century's arch-enemy of violence, Mahatma Gandhi, has refused all pleas for executive clemency. We speak, of course, of the state of Hyderabad, which Mr. Nehru—out of a typical Liberal passion for reorganizing things, and a typical disregard both for tradition and for the wishes of the human beings concerned—is about to parcel out among neighboring states in India. Let us not forget, incidentally, when in future we hear Mr. Nehru paying lip-service to "peaceful" means, that the United Nations at one time took cognizance of Hyderabad's claims for independence, and was about to act on them—when Mr. Nehru, Nasser-fashion, took matters into his own hands and occupied the coveted territory by main force.

● The House of Representatives of Massachusetts has passed a resolution which enjoins the state's purchasing offices not to do business with "strike-bound firms, or firms convicted of unfair labor practices who continue non-compliance with federal labor laws and court orders, *such as Kohler Company, of Kohler, Wisconsin.*" It happens that Kohler has complied with every single ruling of the National Labor Relations Board, and with every court order handed down to it. The striking United Auto Workers, on the other hand, have been found guilty of using illegal measures (including intimidations, threats and physical violence) in pressing their strike against Kohler. It follows that a) the House is ignorant of the relevant data; in which case it has behaved unjustly, and owes a formal apology to Kohler, or b) intends, indiscriminately, to boycott *any* plant against which a strike is called; in which case it has behaved irresponsibly, and should be overruled by the electorate.

● Let it not be said that the centralization of authority in Great Britain has left the government insensible to local grievances. To be sure, Mrs. Mary Barber of Derbyshire got away with it for seven long years; but justice caught up with her in the end. For seven years Mrs. Barber, in order to supplement her income, used an electric sewing machine *in her home!* Then one day the County Council pounced. Her Majesty's law enforcement officers ordered Mrs. Barber to stop using the machine immediately as it was "detrimental to the amenities of adjoining property." The machine might be small, the Council conceded, "but technically such a machine turns the room in which it is used into a factory and then the matter becomes one for the local authority." A forlorn professional writer has written in to *Time and Tide* inquiring whether his use of a typewriter makes *him* detrimental to the amenities of adjoining property. The Council has the matter under advisement.

● Mr. Jacob Javits has said that if he is elected and it falls to the Republicans to organize the Senate, he will vote against Senator McCarthy's assumption of the chairmanship of the Senate's Investigating Committee: on the grounds that the vote of censure must surely disqualify him for the exercise of such responsibility. Mr. Javits' gesture of retroactive vindictiveness, combined with his willingness to disregard traditional processes, emphasize the desirability of registering a protest, in New York State, against his nomination. To this end, the Committee to Draft General MacArthur (112 East 36 Street, New York 16) is performing a signal service in distributing literature explaining the mechanics of the write-in vote for MacArthur. It is said that the movement has had to go forward without a breath of encouragement from the Waldorf Towers. But then General MacArthur hasn't backed Javits either, and, a little birdie tells us, he won't vote for him.

● Earl Browder, former Secretary of the Communist Party of the United States, who was ousted for premature Khrushchevism, has urged Norman Thomas, permanent Dean of American Socialism, to lead in the formation of a new "united socialist left." Browder doubtless got the idea after noting the series of joint public meetings in which Mr. Thomas, the Rev. A. J. Muste of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, and Roger Baldwin, Chairman-Emeritus of the Civil Liberties Union, appearing along with representatives of the official Communist Party, have been helping the Communists to carry out their current line of reintegration into respectable circles of American life.

● Someone in the Soviet Central Ministry of Consumer Goods (Footwear Division) set, it seems, an impossibly high goal for children's summer shoe production this year. By late October, the first snow having fallen, Russian shoe factories were still churning out lightweight footwear, in a Stakhanovite passion to meet that quota. Result: Planner gets fired? More probably the weatherman, for letting that snow fall so early.

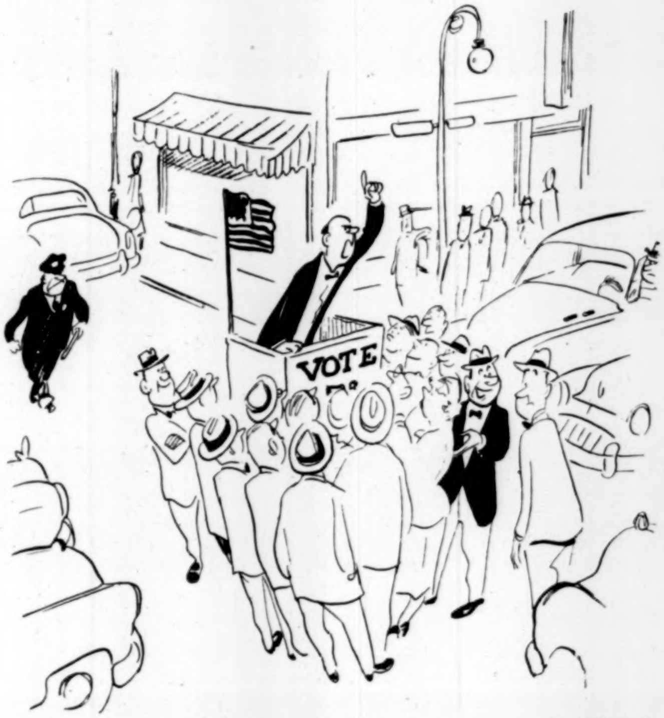
● We have long been looking for the political equivalent of that old saw of journalism about the man biting the dog—and now we have found it. The inhabitants of British Somaliland are angry, and are grandly denouncing Great Britain and—we almost said it out of habit—imperialism. But if you read the fine print in recent news dispatches from Hargeisa—yes, Hargeisa—you learn that their complaint against the Empire over whose dissolution Mr.

Churchill was not going to preside is that the Empire is not putting up enough of a fight to keep them on as a British dependency. And the imperialism they are denouncing is—hold your breath—that of that old colonial-power-baiter, Haile Selassie. Who *says* history doesn't move on?

Are You There?

One week before election day, the New York *Daily News,* which has the country's largest newspaper circulation, and the Scripps-Howard newspaper chain came simultaneously to the conclusion that the principal issue of the campaign was inflation. Yet there was no sign that the voters were giving more serious consideration to an inflation that had not yet damaged many pocketbooks than to government intervention—or foreign affairs—or military policy—or school development—or any other of the issues of substance that were listed on the unread Party Platforms. There was mild dispute over the President's health and golf game, the Vice President's political bar sinister, Mr. Stevenson's mind and Senator Kefauver's mindlessness; but in general, the campaign was a prolonged orgy of complacent self-congratulation by a people who "never had it so good."

The distilled essence of this national mood was to be found week after week in the bustling prose of the Luce publications: *Time, Life* and *Fortune*. The highest wages, the fullest employment, the shiniest cars, the least work and most outboard motors, the smoothest houses and biggest bosoms, the happiest children, the fastest travelers, the snappiest picnics . . . Peace, Progress, and Prosperity, It's Wonderful!



Bo Brown

"He's a Middle-of-the-Roader!"

And then, in the final fortnight of the campaign, as if by a deliberate plan of the cosmic drama, the world exploded in our face. From Poland, from Hungary, from the Middle East and Singapore and North Africa, came thundering knocks on the frail gate that sheltered the dreaming sleeper. Cries in the night, blood and screams, the agony of heroes and villains tore at our drugged illusions, and pounded into our comfort-sodden hearts the eternal lesson that we walk in the Valley of the Shadow, that the tale of human life is not sentimental romance but everlasting tragedy, that we must face the meaning of death in order to begin to live.

Can we still listen?

Excelsior!

We write a few days before the election, and have before us what is probably the last analysis of the campaign we shall see before election day. The following extracts are from the agonizings of the editors of the *Harvard Crimson,* who gave an account of the reasoning that finally led them to endorse Adlai Stevenson. We quote from their editorial with high admiration for the perspicacity they show in analyzing Mr. Eisenhower (Ambrose Bierce defined admiration as the polite recognition of other persons' similarities to oneself):

> It would be all too easy to pass off President Eisenhower's campaign for re-election as a species of "leap-year liberalism" that may succeed in returning the President to the White House, but will surely send the rest of the nation back down the road to the Crystal Palace . . . But (such is not the case) . . . Candidate Eisenhower has been President Eisenhower for four years, and his own political philosophy is part of the printed record. And it is a philosophy that qualifies as "liberal." . . . President Eisenhower has said a clear "Me too" to the American liberal tradition.
>
> And in foreign affairs, Eisenhower has done more than echo the traditions of the New and Fair Deals. When he has personally taken over the duties of Secretary of State, he has been able to take actions that no Democrat, however much he might have wanted to, could have afforded to take. The President accepted a Korean truce on terms that Stevenson, had he been in the White House, would probably have been forced to reject in order to prove to the country that he was a loyal American . . . And most important, the President went to Geneva . . . Could Stevenson have afforded to do this?
>
> . . . by his own enunciated domestic and foreign policies, President Eisenhower has effectively consolidated the domestic and foreign gains achieved under 20 years of Democratic rule.

Notwithstanding, Eisenhower is not good enough for the young scholars, and the editorial comes out for Stevenson. Why? At this point the editors go banal: "New ideas"—"new leadership"—"It is now time to be once again on the march." And, of course, "Adlai Stevenson will provide the (guess what?)[1] to move (guess where?)[2] toward a (guess what kind of?)[3] America."

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[1] Rhymes with readership
[2] Opp. of backward
[3] "If it is ----, it is not true;
If it is true, it is not -----."

Next Stage in East Europe

Throughout Eastern Europe, the nationalist opposition—whether Communist or not—sees clearly what is the key to the next phase of political development. The Kremlin sees it with equal clarity; and the Hungarian events have made it unmistakably plain to all the world. It is, in simplest outline, the disposition of the Soviet Army.

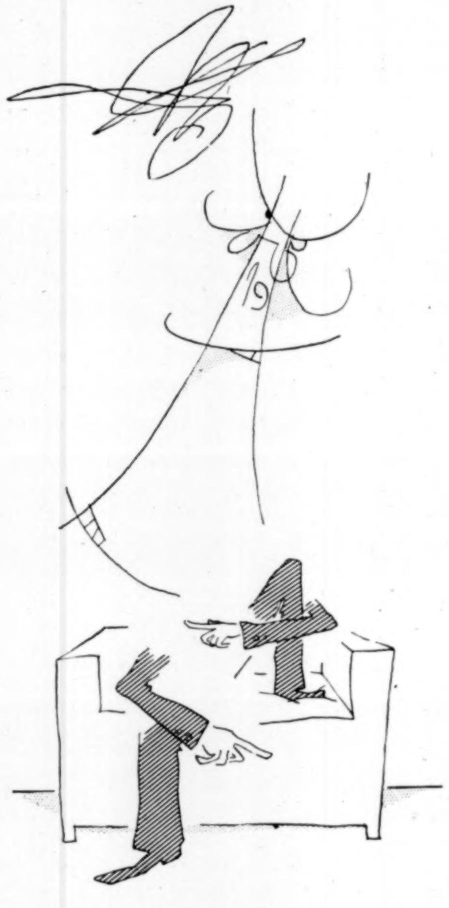
Soviet troops are in the captive countries under two formulas: to "guard the communications" with a Germany and Austria occupied under the armistice terms and the Potsdam agreements (the Austrian half of this excuse disappeared with the signing of the Austrian treaty); and to carry out the provisions of the so-called "Warsaw Pact" which was nominally Moscow's answer to NATO.

In fact, of course, Red Army units are acting as occupying forces to ensure the subordination of the local governments to Moscow and to Communism.

The 1953 East German uprising, the present political shift in Poland, and the civil war in Hungary prove, moreover, that *only* the presence of Soviet troops can guarantee either a pro-Russian or a pro-Communist policy in East Europe. This does not mean that Poland or Hungary or Czechoslovakia or Rumania would turn both anti-Russian and anti-Communist on the day that the last Soviet troops left. There would still be native (Russian-trained) Communists to reckon with; and the geopolitical facts of life have always tended to make the East European nations balance between Russia and Germany. Nevertheless all the evidence shows that, with the occupation forces removed, the local governments would become progressively more independent of Moscow in foreign policy, and would move, though not all at once, one or another degree away from a rigidly Communist internal structure.

If the Soviet troops remain, and are perhaps reinforced, this evolution—or revolution—could be stopped by the brute weight of overpowering force. This, and a correlated blood purge of terrible scope, is still a likely and perhaps the most likely variant. But the Soviet East European deployment may be in process of becoming untenable—or might be made untenable.

The demand for withdrawal is being raised throughout the captive regions. The Polish Government has openly called on the occupation garrisons to go home, and has officially condemned the Soviet military actions in Hungary. Even the despicable and lurching Hungarian Government has repudiated its UN representative, who supported the Soviet attempt to block UN discussion of the issue. In the debate, the Yugoslav UN delegate, though abstaining on the votes, condemned the use of Soviet troops in Hungary. The American, British and French delegates put the withdrawal demand with unaccustomed bluntness, and have received unaccustomed approval from almost all the neutralist nations.



Kreuttner

"There seems to be considerable confusion in your mind about Colonies and Satellites. In the first place, they're spelled differently!"

It is not impossible that the Kremlin will make a semi-voluntary decision for withdrawal, hoping to recover by political and propaganda means a compensation for the collapse of its postwar military structure. The Kremlin's statement of October 30 emphasizes this possibility. This decision, with the resultant gain to Western military security and the creative chance it would offer to the East European peoples, could be made more likely if the Western powers maintained an unrelenting pressure for it.

Withdrawal from *all* the satellites, not merely from Hungary, should be made the first demand in all contexts. It could properly be made a condition to every negotiation with Moscow on any subject. With the present situation in East Europe inhibiting effective Soviet counteraction toward the West, the demand for withdrawal can be put forward, with a minimum risk, in the sharpest terms: even, if Western leadership could face its responsibilities, as an ultimatum.

Lippmann at the Bridge

At the summons of the mighty events now breaking on the East European shore, Walter Lippmann, autocrat of the American breakfast table, has sounded the alarm.

In his column of October 26, Mr. Lippmann endeavors to clarify the situation. What is the danger, the threat, in Eastern Europe? The danger is that Poland may *not* keep a close alliance with Moscow, that the East European Communists will *fail* to hold the popular movement within the limits of Communism. "It is not in our own interests that the movement in Eastern Europe should go so far that no accommodation with Russia is possible . . . In the interests of peace and of freedom [*sic!*] . . . we must hope that for a time, not forever but for a time, the uprising in the satellite orbit will be stabilized at Titoism."

But dare we hope that the U.S. is not forever, but only for a time, stabilized at the level of Mr. Lippmann's character and mind?

Paradise Lost. A Priori.

Let those who think scientists have finally grown up, read the ensuing. The next voice you hear is not that of a science fiction writer, but of Lawrence S. Kubie, M.D., Clinical Professor of Psychiatry at the Yale University School of Medicine, member of the faculty of the New York Psychoanalytic Institute, and lecturer in Psychiatry, College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University. He speaks (for man) in the *Saturday Review*:

> . . . there is no a priori reason why any human being need ever die . . . once a few . . . problems are solved, it will be hard to conceive how anybody who does not have the accident habit can cease to live. Some day men and women will—except for murders, suicides, and accidents—stop dying.
>
> Hold your breath for a moment and ask what this is going to mean. Think of space, and air, and fuel, and food, and water, and housing, and transportation. Think of the search for new worlds begun in desperate earnest. Think of family organization. Who is going to license young folk to exercise the precious right to procreate? What will happen to industry and employment, an enormous population, automation, and endless leisure? . . . What is going to happen to the Hereafter, when no one graduates into it through death? And what of the clergy who guard its emptying portal? . . .
>
> I do not doubt that we will reach this point if we do not first destroy our world. Indeed, we would be well advised to start now . . . to do a little planning in advance, planning for the day when Man conquers Death . . . Would it not be wise to give some thought to this now, and not to wait for the redemption of life in some increasingly remote and always hypothetical Hereafter?

We will leave the planning to the scientists, confident that they will vouchsafe us answers, in due course, to all our problems. Meanwhile, we should appreciate suggestions as to an appropriate price for a lifetime subscription to NATIONAL REVIEW.

. . . And Every Evil Thing

The Labor Party's shift in emphasis, under Mr. Gaitskell, from nationalization to "equality," that is, from appeals to bad economics to appeals to sheer envy, has already begun to affect the tone of British political discussion—as was to be expected, very much for the worse.

Not until nobody has, or does, or eats, or drinks anything that everybody doesn't have, do, eat, and drink will the new Labor Party give anyone a moment's peace. Its press, moreover, has begun to breathe hatred of those who have in pocket a shilling or two more than the next fellow. "For the first time since the war," warns the *New Statesman and Nation*, "the British upper class has got the bit between its teeth. . . . Not since the thirties has it consumed so much. . . . The worst dance bands in London are turning down engagements. Even the burglars are overworked. The rich are no longer really rich; but, thanks to Mr. Butler, . . . they have a little pocket-money to spend. Deep down, they all know it can't last. . . . Ultimately, the upper-class spending spree . . . is a form of collective hallucination, a desperate attempt, on the part of Britain's financial élite, to persuade itself that . . . the Welfare State no longer exists, . . . that equality is not . . . just around the corner."

Well, the editorial goes on to say in effect, we'll soon show 'em—when the Labor Party comes back to power and pushes its program to forbid laughter in the streets.

NATIONAL TRENDS

L. BRENT BOZELL

The Stevenson Tailspin

As the Presidential campaign moves into its last week, the feeling is increasing among political observers in the nation's capital that Eisenhower's victory will be of landslide proportions, possibly bigger than in 1952. This isn't being written or said out loud—naturally. The horrors of 1948 are not so easily forgotten. But it is being thought with this one reservation: that no one can ever be sure that the potential electorate's preferences (which now seem definitely pro-Eisenhower) are those of the group that will actually do the voting on election day.

For want of something better to do with it, the prognosticators usually allot the "stay-at-home vote" in equal shares to the two parties—*i.e.,* they discount it. There are reasons in 1956 for dealing with this element more carefully. For one thing, it is not every Presidential candidate who comes into an election pointing out how very different his party is from the organization its members enthusiastically supported the last time they voted. Mr. Eisenhower, in other words, gives those Republicans who liked their party as it was an argument for staying at home. For another thing, organized labor has been waging a prodigious get-out-the-vote campaign on behalf of the Democratic ticket. If other things are equal, this effort is bound to reduce the number of stay-at-home Democrats. The two factors could combine to make the actual vote closer than the opinion surveyors indicate; could conceivably wreck the President.

The reservation having been noted, it remains that election estimates have undergone sharp revision in the last couple of weeks. A contest that looked like a horse race in late September, with some observers rating Stevenson's chances as fairly good—and in mid-October still looked close enough to be interesting—has suddenly taken on the aspects of a rout. Why? How explain that Stevenson not only failed to gain in late October, but perceptibly began to lose ground every time he opened his mouth which, given the cruel demands of a campaign wind-up, meant six or seven times a day?

A major cause of Stevenson's tailspin, this correspondent suspects, lies in the way the Democrats, all along, have handled the only real issue the 1956 campaign has produced, namely: Dwight Eisenhower. Stevenson's attempts to mangle Eisenhower in the late stages of the campaign were, it would seem, woefully ill-advised; but the strategy was wrong only in the light of earlier mistakes which set the stage for the final blunder and made it, in a sense, inevitable.

The basic Democratic failure was to have permitted Dwight Eisenhower to become the only issue. Which is another way of saying that the basic Democratic failure was to have nominated Adlai Stevenson. Truman, almost alone in the spring and early summer, saw this. Truman understood that Stevenson was either unable or unwilling—but largely unable—to develop the *other* issues available to the Democrats; which would, sooner or later, leave them with only Eisenhower's popularity to fight against.

Since the Eisenhower Administration had made off with most of their program, not many "other" issues were available to the Democrats. But there were three possibilities: foreign policy, farm policy and that traditional Big Bertha in Democratic artillery—alleged class aggression. Of the three, foreign policy was by far the least promising. The only chance for making significant dents in the GOP peace plank—though in the light of the public temper the chance was slim—was to bear down on Administration shortcomings *vis à vis* the Soviet Union. Stevenson had no heart for such a campaign, would predictably never wage it except in desperation.

On the farm policy issue, Stevenson was willing enough, but fatally handicapped by the fact that farmers don't like him. Truman thought the farm state primaries had pretty well settled this. Subsequent surveys of farm opinion have bolstered the view that while a large number of farmers are disenchanted with the Administration, a substantially smaller number can bring themselves to vote for Adlai Stevenson.

The Democrats' main opportunity was to exploit class antagonism, which, though often a dormant factor in American politics, usually responds to relevant leadership. Throughout the campaign Stevenson has given the GOP-is-the-party-of-the-big-rich-and-powerful line all he's got. But Adlai Stevenson is pitifully unbelievable in the role of the little man's defender. He obviously does not have Truman's gift for identifying himself with the masses. Yet neither does he possess Roosevelt's ability to pose as *pater familias*: he lacks the lordliness to become the benevolent champion of the downtrodden—a quality that Truman thought was much more evident in Harriman than in Stevenson.

The Democrats' second mistake, having deprived themselves of all but the Eisenhower issue, was not to recognize what they were saddled with. Instead of sailing into Eisenhower at the opening bell, Stevenson wasted nearly two months on irrelevancies—gave the central issue of the campaign only enough attention to prove that he, unlike the Republicans, was against the President. Perhaps two, or even six months of slugging would have failed to deface the popular image of Eisenhower, an image that the Democratic Party itself had played no small part in creating. But certainly two weeks wouldn't do it, which is all Stevenson had left when the futility of trying to make things like old age and schools into "issues" finally dawned on him.

Stevenson was driven, at the last moment, to let Eisenhower have it—to paint the President with sweeping strokes as an indifferent, lazy and ignorant man. This kind of attack not only came too late to be convincing; it came too late to look like argument. *I.e.,* it looked like *smear.* That, plus Eastern Europe, plus the effectiveness of the President's own campaigning suddenly put Mr. Stevenson on a course roughly paralleling the stock market's.

The Campaign

SAM M. JONES

"...In the Middle of the Stream"

Washington, Nov. 1—If there were any doubt about Eisenhower's re-election, the international crisis would seem to have settled it in his favor. We are too close in time to the sudden, bloody wars and rebellions in Europe and Africa to appraise their full meaning or consequences, but their ominous implications are all too obvious. We don't know what will happen and we don't know where and how and to what extent America will be involved, but when the hurricane signals are up, it is standard procedure to batten down the hatches and keep an experienced hand at the helm.

Last week this correspondent predicted Mr. Eisenhower's re-election by a minimum of 311 electoral votes. At that time it was *Ike* versus *Adlai* but today it is *General* Eisenhower versus *Mister* Stevenson. And despite Eisenhower's frequent and unrealistic assurances of a peaceful future, the average voter is likely to prefer a famous soldier as commander-in-chief in these troubled times to a man without any comparable military background.

It is a reasonable assumption that many pro-Stevenson and undecided voters have swung to Eisenhower in the past week and that this will be reflected in his popular and electoral majority. It could change the outcome in such states as Pennsylvania, Washington, Kentucky and Florida where Stevenson seemed to have a safe lead. President Eisenhower can win without them. Their inclusion in the GOP column would add 61 electoral votes but would still leave him 70 short of his 1952 landslide.

The President's last-minute foray into the South seemed both futile and unnecessary. If he should carry the same states that he carried in 1952, he would establish a unique record but it is unlikely that he will carry any of them; and the exertion involved, all other things considered, hardly seemed worth while. If the President carries any Southern state it will be by virtue of his personal popularity and it will do nothing to strengthen his party in Congress. The Democratic national ticket is not popular in the South, but the South is still Democratic. And the South is violently opposed to the integration decision of the Supreme Court, for which most white voters hold the Administration responsible.

President Eisenhower has made a direct bid for the blessing of Senator Harry Byrd, but there is not the slightest chance that Byrd will say the word which could toss Virginia into the Republican column. T. Coleman Andrews of the States Rights Party is the decisive factor in the Virginia election so long as Byrd endorses neither Stevenson nor Eisenhower. Byrd's lack of enthusiasm for Stevenson is implicit and obvious. But his public statement concerning the "iniquity" of Eisenhower's civil rights program leaves no doubt that the Virginia statesman is not an admirer of the President. And as Byrd goes, so goes Virginia.

There are some observers who believe that Texas, with its 24 electoral votes, may again be carried by the President. But Eisenhower's plurality of 134,000 of four years ago will not be enough to carry him through in this election.

Eisenhower carried Tennessee by 2,437 votes. His stand on TVA alone should give the state to Stevenson. There is a substantial number of Tennessean Democrats who are unalterably opposed to Senator Kefauver, and that could be a factor in the balance but hardly a heavy enough one.

In Mississippi and South Carolina there are slates of independent electors on the ballots. Former Governor Byrnes of South Carolina has been among those who have urged the election of independent electors with the plea that they cast their votes for Senator Byrd of Virginia. The situation in Mississippi is comparable.

These attempts to break the status quo of relative party strength may mean the emergence of a new party or a new alignment for 1960. And if the efforts of the independents show any material success, there is reason to hope that America's frustrated virility will find a means of expression in the future. But that is the long view—it has little practical relation to the present.

There is no certainty that President Eisenhower's chances of getting a Republican Congress have shown improvement. Javits in New York and Cooper in Kentucky are the two best Senate bets for the Republicans. But with the odds now apparently favoring Morse in Oregon, no other Democratic seats seem endangered. Observers in Illinois now believe that Senator Dirksen may win, but the outlook is still extremely unfavorable for Duff in Pennsylvania, Bush in Connecticut, and Bender in Ohio. There is also a chance of Democratic gains in Maryland, Idaho and California. It is always possible that some of the "sure winners" will miss the boat, but in this category there are possibilities of more Republican upsets than Democratic.

It looks like a closely divided Senate, and the picture is further complicated by the uncertainty whether Lausche (if elected) will vote with his party on organization, and what will happen when Texas gets around to sending a replacement for Senator Daniel. He is retiring to run for Governor but his resignation from the Senate will not be effective until January. No date for a special election has been set. Normally it would be safe to assume that Texas would return a Democratic Senator, and the odds favor such an outcome, but the bitter division in the Democracy of the Lone Star State could result in a Republican victory.

Republicans counting on Eisenhower's popularity hope to elect 255 members of the House of Representatives. The present division is 203 Republicans, 232 Democrats. Normally the House goes the same way as the Presidency. But there are many non-normal factors in this election. It still looks like an increased Democratic majority in the House, a nominally Democratic conservative coalition in the Senate, and a nominally Republican President in the White House.

Foreign Trends . . . w.s.

The Hungarian Slaughter

Three lessons are painfully dawning on Europe—three lessons Europe should have learned a long time ago: One, there are, if anything, more anti-Communists in Communist countries than in the West. Two, popular preferences, and even the heroic determination of a people, are futile under Communist regimes. Three, factional feuds within Communism do not help the West but ultimately strengthen Communism.

Actually, though Europe's political confusion can easily match America's, the cruel bloodletting in Hungary was understood in Europe far better than here. There was, in the first place, hardly a European suggestion that "a historical turn" was taking place. When it comes to totalitarian regimes, Pollyanna is entirely an American figure. Europe has lived with them too closely to be optimistic.

That vehement hatreds continuously permeate the Communist structure, Europe has known since 1917. In fact, this knowledge constitutes the strategic main assumption of determined European anti-Communism: that the most viable allies of anti-Communism are the Soviet world's captive populations. Since 1917, whenever there has been a chance to let off the accumulated steam, the victims of Communism have each time written their protest in indelible blood. And this record is even more nobly impressive in Russia proper than in all the satellite countries combined.

A conservative estimate, generally accepted throughout Europe, has it that the Soviet regime, from 1917 to 1938, has in effect executed more than fifteen million *Russians*—not just for sadistic fun, but because several times that number were, more or less actively, resisting Communism. Before the end of the last war, an army of almost two million Russian soldiers stood ready to fight the Soviet regime head-on—General Vlassov's crusading Russian force which, in 1945 and 1946, was extradited, by that famous leader of "The Great Crusade," to Stalin's hangmen who later executed more than a million of those betrayed Russian patriots. And this organized outburst of anti-Communism occurred almost thirty years after the Communists had occupied Russia—not, as in contemporary Hungary, when the oppressed people were still hardly used to the recent event.

Europe remembers, in the face of the Hungarian slaughter, that the total history of Bolshevism is a virtually uninterrupted sequence of bloody convulsions. And Europe also remembers that, from decade to decade, the Soviet world emerged from these convulsions ever stronger—not because their world is exempt from the laws of reason and the physical laws of action-reaction, but because our world has atrophied ever since 1917 in a suicidal stupor.

Human nature being what it is, some slaves will turn, from time to time, against their cruel masters, even if the reward is nothing but certain death. Human nature being what it is, the slaves who have *not* rebelled will submit to the tightening suppression with an even more tired defeatism—until the *next* explosion takes place. For ruthlessness (*die Schrecklichkeit,* as the Germans called it in *their* period of totalitarian horror) accounts for the unending unpopularity as well as for the increasing effectiveness of a totalitarian regime. And Europe's determined anti-Communists have learned this one historical lesson above all: that *no* totalitarian regime has ever broken down because of *internal* convulsions—that a totalitarian regime breaks down only when it collides with *external* powers.

In November 1917, one regiment could have pricked the Bolshevist bubble. In 1918, a division of Allied troops would have been necessary. In 1920, a small army. There was never a moment in the history of the Bolshevik establishment when it was not mortally vulnerable to a determined attack by organized *external* forces—but from year to year the required effort grew larger in size and risk.

Europe's determined anti-Communists, anything but Pollyannas, have understood once and for all that the most fantastic courage of a suppressed people cannot overthrow a determined totalitarian regime. They have also understood that any "national" Communism, *i.e.,* a determined totalitarian regime's clever adjustment to nationally popular currents) is bound to *strengthen* the Communist hold over enslaved peoples. They have understood, in short, that the Titos, far from being exploitable allies of the West, are the decisive trumps of Communism.

"It was not wrong to aid Tito," wrote Mr. James Burnham in last week's "Third World War." "What was wrong was to aid him *unconditionally.*" But it is precisely in this concession to *Realpolitik* that the seed of intellectual surrender is hidden. It *was* wrong to aid Tito. For there *is* no "conditional" aid to the Titos. The Titos are Communists engaged in a factional struggle with other Communists. They may, under propitious circumstances, kill some of their factional foes; and sometimes we may feel a limited satisfaction over such Communist fratricide. But at *any* given moment the Titos hate our world more than they hate the orbit of their factional foes. What they are fighting over is, in fact, the more promising strategy of *overthrowing* our world. He who believes that Titos can be bribed into aiding our world assumes that Communists are our type of bribable politicians. (And he who believes that should read Gerhart Niemeyer's *An Inquiry Into Soviet Mentality,* so persuasively reviewed by Mr. Burnham in last week's NATIONAL REVIEW.)

Europe, now that the Hungarian witnesses to man's indomitable hunger for freedom are buried, remembers its last forty years of blundering illusion and stupid surrender. It remembers how each time when it was hopefully dreaming of victorious deeds by somebody *else*—by heroic slaves of Communism, for instance—Communism actually gathered new strength. Europe remembers, in short, that convulsions within the Communist sphere may be exceptional opportunities for the West to thrust into the Communist orbit. But, if the opportunity is wasted by a pacifistically petrified West, the inescapable result of such historic frustration is a further triumph of Communism.

A European Looks at American Intellectuals

One of Europe's greatest economists tells of his adventures with his American colleagues, and the mutual distrust between money and mind in America

WILHELM ROEPKE

The Swiss airplane that was to get me to New York descended around midnight in Shannon for the last stop in Europe. I had fallen soundly asleep when a soothing voice penetrated my dreams. It was the pilot, an honest citizen of Zurich, who asked me whether I was Professor Roepke from Geneva. I admitted as much, and then he said that they had just discovered a motor defect and were compelled to interrupt the flight. I would have to transfer to a Belgian plane expected to arrive in about an hour. It was most embarrassing to him, the pilot assured me, that he had to do that to me, of all people, because, or so he said, he had read my books with passionate approval.

The very friendly Irish gentleman who took care of me at the airport had obviously been informed by his colleague from Zurich that the passenger in question was a university professor in the habit of writing books. For when I gratefully refused the cigarette he offered me, he exclaimed, "Why, if you don't smoke, how can you do all that brain work?" I assured him that all my books had the inferior qualities of a non-smoking author.

In New York, next day, I landed in the diabolical atmosphere of an over-steamed laundry which, each time I arrive in the United States in summer, makes me wonder how, under such circumstances, American intellectuals can do any brain work at all. On arrival I behaved exactly the way a European university professor is supposed to behave. Just before we were to take off for Atlanta, it occurred to me that I had mislaid my briefcase somewhere in the Idlewild administration building. I shall never forget the composure with which the airline officer nonchalantly produced the briefcase while the propellers were already turning. In the meantime I had started a confusing discussion with the lady who manages the little bookstore at La Guardia Field about Bertrand Russell whom, to her distress, I dared call "a brilliant ass." I finally bought from her Mark Twain's *A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court,* and I soon noticed the symbolical meaning of that purchase: the contempt of the American pragmatist for Europe's humbug has found a classical expression in this unforgettable book.

Shocked Audience

And then, for the fourth time in my life, I plunged into the fascinating whirl of this country. In a few hours I was on the campus of Emory University in Atlanta, in the midst of a circle of American intellectuals. I was to give them, in two weeks of lectures and discussions, an insight into the soul of an economist who, observing the ways of the world from Geneva, long ago concluded that collectivism threatened to devour all that is dear and irreplaceable—liberty, dignity, truth, justice, welfare, and that balance between the individual and the community without which our civilization must wither.

On the whole, it was not too difficult to persuade my audience (except for a few completely incorrigible collectivists). A considerable group was on my side to begin with, and only needed some new and clear arguments for a point of view they already shared. But the whole audience was surprised to hear an unreserved dedication to a philosophy of integral freedom (*i.e.,* a freedom that includes the economic sphere) from a *European* intellectual.

And if they were—as I suspect—not even used to such uncompromising certainty in *American* intellectual circles, it must have been all the more shocking to meet a Central European economist who seemed to take it for granted, after our experiences with planned economy during the last decades, that Full Employment policies, Nationalization and the Welfare State could be spoken of only in sarcastic tones. For were not all these things invented in Europe? And wasn't it a socio-economic mark of *maturity* to use these tools, in order to grow beyond the primitive free market society?

These, evidently, were questions some of my audience meant to raise. Others, not infected by the collectivist philosophy of history, started from the concept of a stagnating Europe that stubbornly held to rigid formulae and anxiously protected herself against the draft of freedom.

The anomalous role which I seemed to be acting was not new to me. Two years ago, at the Bicentennial of Columbia University, I had expressed my doubts concerning the Welfare State—doubts which, to a disillusioned European, come quite easily. In doing so, I had affected my New York audience precisely as I now found myself affecting my students at Emory University: as if I were the Devil's Advocate whom one would never have expected to come, of all places, from Europe. And yet this time there was a new experience. In Atlanta for the first time I learned how much the social position of the American intellectual differs from that of the average European intellectual. I learned the paradoxical fact—and how paradoxical it is!—that in a nation which embraces capitalism, theoretically and practically, in a truly vital manner, the intellectuals stand aside, ill-humored at best, and more often with outspoken animosity. Let me make this a little clearer, and thus bring order into my observations.

"Your dedication to the free market," my students said, "and your critique of socialism are, of course, known to us. But we always thought that only presidents of chambers of commerce, corporation officers or bankers talked that way, and such special pleaders have never impressed us much. It is all the more strange to find that one can be conservative without necessarily being crude and unerudite, and that your position can be argued in a fashion befitting an intellectual."

This distressed me. For what could this outbreak mean if not an admission that in the United States there exists a fantastic chasm between the intellectuals and the businessmen, a chasm to which the European intellectual simply is not accustomed? Could it be, I asked myself (and still do), that in America the life of business and the life of the mind are so widely separated that incomprehension and mutual animosity have grown to the point where the anti-capitalist bias of the intellectual now threatens to match the anti-intellectual bias of the capitalist? And isn't there the enormous danger—as these two resentments constantly aggravate each other—that the estrangement will result in an explosion? On the other hand, would it not be tremendously important to break the vicious circle by making the world of the mind respond to the world of business, and the business world to the sphere of the mind?

Out of Their World

Several incidental experiences emphasized my observations. One day an attractive young scholar took me in his car through the well-to-do section of Atlanta; and when I expressed my admiration for the tasteful homes and cultivated gardens, he replied with an unmistakable melancholy that the people who lived there would hardly interest me. My friend was no socialist. There was no hatred and no resentment in him, not even contempt. There was merely a deep regret over a spiritual alienation compared to which the material alienation, measurable in dollars, seemed unimportant.

A few days later, I made a trip with a group of students to Stone Mountain, the huge piece of naked granite which rises above the hilly countryside near Atlanta. Patriotic devotees of art some time ago began to hew into the flank of this mountain a giant relief in honor of the Confederate Army. But they went broke, and the project remained a torso which one stares at through a telescope from a Coca-Cola shack. This made me think of a contest a Berlin magazine conducted during the inflation after the First World War. Pictured in front of the Roman Colosseum was "Herr Raffke"—the popular nickname for the *nouveau riche* of the German inflation period—and the readers were to suggest the most telling reply to the question, "What is he saying?" The winning answer was: "Don't start building unless you have the money!"

My story was politely applauded, but I was asked what constituted a *nouveau riche?* And why was he a popular object for derision only during an inflation? I didn't quite get the questions at first. But then I realized that my American friends found it difficult to see the discrepancy between education and wealth as an exceptional rather than a normal occurrence. The joke had suddenly turned into a problem of actuality.

As one can easily see, the question that bothers me has many aspects. It demands a thorough investigation. But the basic fact can hardly be denied: that the social prestige of the American intellectual is unquestionably lower than that of his European colleagues; that the American intellectuals are not integrated in the great context of their society—that they live more on the national periphery than European intellectuals. Specifically American philosophies such as pragmatism have, to be sure, emphasized this role of the intellectual. And one could question (though perhaps not very fruitfully) whether the ultimate reason for the fact that, in America, the intellectuals are seated pretty far down at society's dinner table is not rooted in conditions typical of most colonial nations of white stock.

The European intellectual who, at home, meets respect and understanding even at airports, will find that grave difficulties confront the American intellectual if he wants to make himself heard in society. Within my own knowledge, I find the mores that prevail in the American book and magazine field to be significant—and significant, too, the likelihood that this may not be understood in the United States.

American Publishing

My own experiences in this field have been so crushing that I can not think of any other country in which they could have happened. If I send a manuscript to America, I must anticipate that it will not be respected as the inalienably personal expression of a man who thinks and writes in this fashion, and in no other. It will be treated on the superstitious notion that an opera, if it is written by ten composers, will be ten times better than if written by one.

And if I write an article on commission from an American magazine, I am by no means certain that it will be published. Once the leading journal of American business asked me to write an article about the Marshall Plan as I saw it from Geneva. It was never published. Instead, I got a check—without one accompanying word either of excuse or of justification.

My books have been translated into many languages, and thus I have had ample opportunity to make the acquaintance of publishers in all civilized nations. An American publisher was the only one to suggest that three of my books be hashed into a digest because, he claimed, there was no other way to make a profit on them. With distress I compared the approximately 170 million inhabitants of the United States with the four million people of Switzerland, or of Finland, where no publisher ever conceived such a barbaric idea.

Of all the publishers I have had to deal with, only an American—one of the leading publishers in the country—simply tore up a solemn commitment the moment its fulfillment seemed inconvenient to him. It was a clear case of breach of contract, but he committed it without one word of apology or the slightest attempt to obtain my understanding.

I mention these unpleasant experiences with the American publishing business not because I think they will surprise intellectuals in America. On the contrary, I have always found that they take such experiences for granted; that they are used to this kind of treatment and do not even know how to obtain a kinder one. But it is precisely this which seems to me so significant of the place the intellectuals, and organized intellectual life, hold in American society; significant of their scale of values. Significant, too, that these experiences are absolutely unique in a widely extended area of international professional experience.

And so it seems that Goethe is proved wrong—the Goethe who wistfully proclaimed:

> America, you are better off
> Than our Continent, the old . . .

But he would completely misunderstand my intentions who would believe that I wanted to endorse the position of American intellectuals who *rebel* against a society which is so little their own. On the contrary, I consider that rebellion a fatal and inexcusable error. But I do have the impression that it won't be easy to fight that error so long as the tension between the world of business and the intellectual world is not reduced. And it would be unfair to expect reduction to come from one side only.

The chain reaction between the distress of the intellectuals and its reverse, the businessman's resentment of intellectuals, must be attacked from both sides—from the world of capitalism by a new philosophy which gives to the market what is the market's, and to the spirit what is the spirit's; from the world of intellectuals by their own liberation from untenable ideologies and theories. Once this is achieved, both will surge into a new humanism in which market and mind are reconciled to serve jointly the highest values.

P.S. I would not have had the courage to reveal my innermost thoughts on this subject if it were not for my friend, William S. Schlamm, and his excellent article "The Suicide of Wealth" (NATIONAL REVIEW, Aug. 18). He performed a pioneer service. I hope that he and I complement each other well.

Letter from the Continent

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

The Polish Drama

Three main elements have contributed to the sudden but not so unexpected rise of Gomulka in Poland.

1. The Polish people is psychologically better equipped, historically more experienced to resist than any other satellite nation. With Russia appearing in the quadruple role of a national, religious, military and political oppressor, compliance with Soviet Russia becomes psychologically impossible for the Polish masses.

2. This attitude of the whole Polish people affected the Communist Party itself. The Muscovite charge that the Polish Communist leadership was "infected" by the "virus of bourgeois nationalism" was not without substance.

3. The whole Polish situation, nevertheless, cannot be understood without reference to Titoism. Tito is and remains a Communist. He is also a nationalist who, simultaneously, plays two games: one, a long-drawn intrigue inside Soviet Russia against Khrushchev, who is and remains a Stalinist; two, an attempt to create a Socialist "Austria-Hungary."

Tito, who was once a non-com in the Hapsburgian Army, and harbors nostalgic reminiscences of his Vienna days, now wants to build for himself a Socialist Danubian Empire. This man, unfortunately for us, is one of the shrewdest politicians of the age. He intrigues from Peking and Rangoon to Buckingham Palace, and from Washington to Cairo and Moscow. His rift with Stalin was perfectly genuine. Yet he is a real Marxist. His aim is Stalin's heritage *and* a Red Greater Danubia.

But Tito is more a patron saint of National Communism than its unquestioned leader. If Wladyslaw Gomulka succeeds in establishing himself as Poland's dictator—which remains to be seen—he might not unconditionally accept Tito's domination. On the other hand, there is Poland's unfortunate geographic location: the country is wedged in between the Soviet Union and Eastern Germany, a bailiwick of the Red Army. Thus, Poland's "independence" is bound to be a sham, and even ideologically the umbilical cord with the Soviet Union will remain uncut. One could imagine the new Polish government treading more lightly on collectivization, or eschewing it altogether (as Tito did); but this, for the moment, is all.

In spite of Gomulka's factual independence from Belgrade, Tito has scored not only in the satellite world but in Moscow itself. He has considerably strengthened the hand of Khrushchev's opponents—of Molotov, of Malenkov and Mikoyan.

Yet most Europeans feel that developments in Poland do not merit unqualified applause, and Americans, especially, should be warned against too much optimism. A genuine or a fake liberalization of the satellite world would perhaps not attract the West; but it might lull it into complacency and dull its vigilance. A "milder" socialism, with certain concessions to minor private enterprise, could create the mirage of well-being. One only has to remember Soviet Russia's NEP, prior to Stalin's Five-Year Plans. Concessions can be revoked by a dictatorial government and a new radicalism can be decreed at any moment.

It still remains to be seen whether International Communism in the satellite states will be replaced by National Socialism; it still remains to be seen whether Khrushchev's blunders and Tito's shrewdness will result in a weakening of the Soviet hold on Poland and Danubia; it still remains to be seen whether the Kremlin will change its guard. And, finally, even if all these expectations are fulfilled, it then is still highly questionable whether, by such changes, the West will truly emerge as the winner and the cause of freedom will be genuinely advanced.

Letter from London

F. A. VOIGT

The Eclipse of Property

In two world wars, and in the period between the wars, two Presidents of the greatest property-owning nation that ever existed proclaimed certain rights which they regarded as fundamental to all mankind. But although the American Constitution says that "no person shall . . . be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law," neither President Wilson nor President Roosevelt found the respect shown for property in their country's Constitution worth recommending to mankind.

It was, or ought to have been, clear that the emergence of new states of a revolutionary or semi-revolutionary character after the First World War would be prejudicial to property. The French delegation to the Commission that drafted the League Covenant proposed that all members of the League should "protect all rights and goods (*droits et biens*) legally acquired and owned by foreigners." The French delegation rightly foresaw that the new states would resort to confiscatory measures against assets owned by nationals other than their own. The newly established Soviet State had set an example by repudiating its foreign debts. For years the French Government persisted in its effort to secure payment—in vain.

President Wilson rejected the French proposal on the grounds that it admitted "a most dangerous principle" which was, in his words, known as "the flag following the dollar." (D. H. Miller: *The Drafting of the Covenant,* New York, 1928, i 349)

In the succession states, which arose from the dissolution of the Hapsburg monarchy, confiscatory measures were taken against former German and Hungarian subjects of that monarchy.

Between the wars, the revolutionary trend, whether it was Communist, Socialist, Fascist, or National Socialist, was increasingly inimical to property as well as to liberty.

If we consider the public pronouncements of President Roosevelt and other Western statesmen, we shall find that almost every conceivable right acclaimed by the modern world was raised to a principle of universal application—with one exception: the right to own property. Liberty was never so much extolled, property never so little.

The Soviet Union, Great Britain and the United States combined in ordaining one of the most radical assaults on property ever known. Some twelve million Germans—men, women, and children—were evicted from their homes and deprived of their possessions, without even a suggestion that they should be compensated. The *Junkers,* who were among the best farmers in Europe, were made the victims of penal and confiscatory measures by the Allied Military Government in Germany on the irrelevant and, in any case, unverified assumption that they had a large share in the responsibility for bringing on the Second World War.

Whether property would have found effective protection if the right to own it had been proclaimed in any Presidential statement, or enshrined in the Charters, is of course extremely doubtful. But the fact remains that a kind of negative propaganda against the right to own property has been unremittingly spread by all the Great Powers, and not only by those that came under the domination of revolutionary despotisms. What conclusion could the newly liberated nations come to when, among all the rights proclaimed by their liberators, there was no mention of the right to own property and when these same liberators showed an ever-decreasing respect for the property of their own nationals?

The trend of Western opinion towards public or collective ownership made the defense of private ownership seem almost indecent. In Great Britain the very existence of private profit-making came to be regarded as positively immoral. The British Labor Government, when it took office in 1945, powerfully reinforced the general trend by nationalizing the most important industries for ideological rather than pragmatic reasons. "Nationalization" has become one of the principal aims of the revolutionary and semi-revolutionary states. Today, the British Labor Party is untiring in its insistence on "equality" and on a "classless society," two ideals which are by their nature confiscatory.

In its pronouncements on foreign policy, the British Labor Party leaves no doubt of its conviction that it is the duty of Great Britain to aid the so-called "underdeveloped"—which presumably means *undeveloped* —countries, and this in spite of the fact that Great Britain herself is living beyond her means.

Behind this pressure exercised by the Labor Party is the ideological desire to universalize the Welfare State and to assist fellow-revolutionaries. In fact, one of the reasons (perhaps the main reason) why the Left is in favor of aid, especially American aid, to the "underdeveloped" countries is the expectation that capitalism will thus achieve its own destruction.

A country much nearer home and vital to the defense of the Western world, namely Spain, is not the subject of the Labor Party's solicitude, although her standard of living is exceedingly low. But Spain is not a revolutionary country. She overcame her revolution twenty years ago. The Labor Party is more hostile to Spain than to many a country which is hostile to Great Britain.

The revolutionary states condemn capitalism as immoral but are eager for its products. They consider they have a right to them. When the United States decided not to finance the Aswan Dam, Egypt was convulsed with moral indignation, as though she had been deprived of something to which she had an inalienable right. When Indonesia repudiated her debt to Holland, she considered this as her right—a duty, in fact. Holland is wholly unable to obtain redress, because she still has valuable assets in Indonesia which can be "nationalized" at any moment.

Security is no longer to be found in the treaties that make up international law.

The Case of the Multiplying Chinese Sons

At last the U.S. Government is getting the better of an international racket—the immigration of "paper sons" of Chinese-American citizens

MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM

The Case of the Multiplying Chinese Sons, a real life whodunit unfolding in Hong Kong, San Francisco and New York, is entering its final act. For years Uncle Sam has been cast as the melodrama's hapless gumshoe. Now at last he seems to be triumphing over a conspiracy that has brought a phenomenal—and illegal—increase in the Chinese population of the United States since 1940.

The moves and countermoves in this international plot sometimes sound as if that fictional archfiend Fu Manchu were behind them. Actually the schemers, helped by clever brokers, are mainly illiterate ex-farm hands from Kwantung Province in southeastern China. Their only goal is to get into *Kumshan,* meaning Gold Mountain, the favorite Cantonese description of the United States. To do it they have got around every modern investigative technique Uncle Sam has employed, from expert interrogation to blood tests. Thousands of them have succeeded fabulously: not only in entering the United States—but in doing so *as U. S. citizens.*

The roots of the multiplying sons scheme go back to 1878, when Congress passed a law which provided that any child born abroad of an American father is also a U. S. citizen and therefore entitled to enter this country. The average Chinese immigrant, once his citizenship is affirmed here, has been apt to return to his homeland periodically to visit his wife and family and perform the filial rite of "sweeping the ancestral grave." Upon coming back to America he would nearly always file a report that during his stay his wife had conceived and given birth, often to twins. By some curious suspension of biological laws, eight boys were reported born for every girl during these visits.

This is understandable in terms of Chinese tradition, under which every man has a solemn duty toward his ancestors to maintain the family line by providing sons to perform the various ceremonies (necessary to the ancestors' comfort) in the hereafter.

But it was this creation on paper of thousands of nonexistent sons—all entitled to U. S. citizenship—that inevitably led to a fantastically profitable immigration racket. Today the registered "slots"—the opportunity to enter the United States—for these "paper sons" may be sold for as much as $3,700 in China.

But how could a peasant in Kwantung Province or Hong Kong raise that kind of money? Usually he does it in part with the financial aid of friends or relatives in America and in part by working off the debt in a kind of bonded servitude for five to ten years after he gets here. The Minimum Wage Act never figures in these arrangements.

How It's Managed

This is how the scheme works:

An American Chinese "paper father" who registered a slot years ago sells it to a broker in New York or San Francisco for about $2,000. The broker then notifies his Hong Kong partner that a slot is open for, say, a 22-year-old Wong to match the identity the slot calls for. The Hong Kong broker in turn looks for an applicant whose family name is also Wong. This isn't as difficult as it sounds. Among the Chinese there are only about 500 family names—about 150 in Kwantung Province from which most immigrants to the U. S. come.

Matching the given names isn't much of a problem, either. For Chinese given names are often revised in childhood by adoring parents and again in school by teachers. As an adult a Chinese might again change his name to tie in with his occupation. And there are no birth, marriage or death records in China to cloud the picture with irrelevant facts. The nearest approach is an enduring village saga, essentially a long narrative poem filled with the genealogies of all the families in the village. But since the Communists took over mainland China in 1950, all channels of information have been closed. American investigators operating out of the U. S. Consulate in Hong Kong haven't had access even to these sagas, for such verification as they might offer.

U.S. Counter-Measures

The U. S. investigators soon realized that checking of discrepancies in the names of the applicants only led to dead ends. They devised an intensive interrogation system. The Hong Kong applicant would now need more than just the affidavit of his "paper father" in America that he was the son of a U. S. citizen. The son in Hong Kong and the father in the United States would be closely questioned: Where is the duckpond in your native village? Where is the ancestral mound? How many steps lead to the main entrance of your home? Comparison of the United States and Hong Kong answers quickly tripped up many applicants. But then a countermove was brought into play by the slot brokers.

Before a "paper father" in New York or San Francisco could sell a slot, the brokers required him to prepare the answers to an incredibly detailed questionnaire about his family, ancestral home and village. Several copies were made: for the alleged father, for the "son" and for witnesses who would attest to the son's identity in Hong Kong. The son would study the questionnaire intensively until he had all the answers lie-perfect. And if somehow his answer to an investigator didn't jibe with the one given by his "father," he would reply as a dutiful Chinese son should: "I am a stupid son, unworthy of my ancestors. If my wise father says that is the proper answer, it is so and I am wrong."

Then in 1951 the U. S. Consulate in Hong Kong sprang a surprise requirement on the applicants and their alleged fathers. They had to be tested for A-B-O blood-typing. This worked to a degree the first few months, with 40 per cent of the applicants found to be fraudulent. Since it is known, however, that only half of all false relationships can be detected by blood tests, the Consulate suspected that 80 per cent of the applicants might be frauds.

When they recovered from this unexpected thrust the Hong Kong slot brokers took counsel with their American partners and soon came up with a clever riposte: blood-typing of "paper father" and "sons" in advance. Temporarily blocked, Uncle Sam made another move—extending blood-typing to other groups, including the M-N and Rh factors. Again the slot workers retaliated—by matching paper fathers and sons for those factors, too. Today Chinese newspapers in Hong Kong run many ads of laboratories which specialize in complete blood-group tests.

Our State Department and the FBI have been uncomfortably aware that the slot racket could be easily used to send Communist spies to the United States. So far there has been no specific evidence that this has happened, although Chinese youths coming here in recent years have obviously had a fair amount of Communist indoctrination. Elders in the Chinatowns of America firmly insist, however, that they would be the first to spot a spy in their midst. Says Thomas H. Lee, a former assistant U. S. Attorney and respected figure in New York's Chinatown: "We feel that the immigrant can be re-educated."

U. S. officials are also concerned because the slot racket breeds other crimes. The New York Chinese who has sold five slots for "paper sons," in order to maintain the fiction, has to list these sons as dependents on his tax returns. With five sons and a wife in China as dependents he often doesn't pay any income tax at all. During the war the existence of so many dependents often made the Chinese-American draft-proof, too. If he did serve, and was killed, his widow in China got a much larger pension from the United States because of the fictitious family he had created. Right now about $500,000 a year is sent to Hong Kong for U. S. veterans' benefits, and a 1955 Consulate investigation revealed that at least 20 per cent of these payments were based on fraudulent claims.

Tracking Down "Slot Brokers"

Until 1955 Uncle Sam was definitely outwitted and outmaneuvered. Then a new tack was thought of. Why not investigate the wealthy Chinese-American slot brokers who acted as go-betweens? Without these intermediaries the racket could not last long. But how to obtain evidence that would stand up in court? Federal attorneys had tried before, and failed for lack of witnesses.

Immigration and citizenship are extremely touchy subjects in America's Chinatown. It's the rare Chinese family that doesn't have at least one questionable immigration case in its past. Even some law-abiding and patriotic Chinatown families did not look upon the slot racket as a crime, but simply as an effort of normally honest Chinese to get around a highly restrictive immigration quota. Chinese who testified against each other ran the risk of ostracism by the family associations which are powerful in Chinatown.

Then, in the fall of 1955, the government's long-awaited opportunity came. More than 1,400 Chinese whose claims of U. S. citizenship had been turned down in Hong Kong as fraudulent had appealed to U. S. courts for relief. The government has to defend every appeal case individually. One of the assistant U. S. attorneys assigned to defend the U. S. action discovered, while going over the evidence in one case, that some of the witnesses had also been involved in the case of a Chinese cook who had in 1942 confessed to the government the details of his illegal entry. When confronted in court with the cook's testimony, which damaged their credibility beyond question, these witnesses confessed to new involvement. The evidence mounted and pointed to a prominent New York Chinatown slot broker as the chief culprit.

In February 1956, a New York grand jury was impaneled, and reluctant witnesses were subpoenaed to appear before it. In San Francisco, meanwhile, another grand jury had subpoenaed the records of some of the 25 Chinese family associations there to trace blood relationships and detect frauds. When the New York grand jury ended its work in July, 13 indictments were handed down, including those of four men believed to be the most important slot brokers in the country. In San Francisco 14 were indicted. As a direct result of the hearings and indictments nearly half of the 1,400 Chinese who had taken their claims to the federal court now quietly dropped their cases.

Search in Hong Kong

Meanwhile Congress voted a $500,000 appropriation this past summer to send 30 specially trained investigators to Hong Kong to sift through 22,000 Chinese claims for citizenship that are still pending. The Consul estimates that each case would require about 100 hours of intensive checking. But this is not as endless a task as it sounds. When one case of fraud is unearthed, the illegality of several other slots created by the same "father" is also disclosed.

The tension in New York's Chinatown has eased off considerably. U. S. Attorney Paul W. Williams and his assistant Gerard Goettel have convinced the Chinatown leaders that they aren't interested in snooping into the immigration status of every Chinese family in New York, but only in stamping out the present slot racket. To signify their cooperation in this, the officers of the Chinese Benevolent Association held a many-coursed banquet in honor of the U. S. Attorney and his staff this past summer.

But the 22,000 paper sons in Hong Kong still waiting for admission to America won't give up so easily. *Kumshan* is still the glorious mountain that oppressed Chinese have yearned after for more than a century. The more learned among them, however, may recall the words of the master Confucius:

"Not to anticipate fraud, and not to expect falsehood, yet at the same time to be the first to perceive their presence—that is to be a man of the highest caliber!"

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

In Praise of the AAUP

John Dewey, Arthur Lovejoy, and other founders of the American Association of University Professors fondly expected that cases of the violation of academic freedom would grow steadily fewer with the passing of the years. Just the contrary has been true; and the AAUP, which at irregular intervals passes votes of censure against educational institutions that discharge professors for reasons the AAUP considers inadequate, recently has been deluged with professors' requests for investigations. With only a slim budget and a small staff, the officers of the AAUP have experienced great difficulty in undertaking adequate investigations of such charges. And the AAUP has no means of enforcing compliance with its votes of censure except through the force of public opinion. "Public opinion" means here, of course, the opinion of accrediting agencies which may frown on censured colleges, and the opinion of reputable professors who may decline offers from such colleges.

So, by and large, the AAUP—until last April—voted few censures, and those only after cautious investigation. Crying "Wolf, wolf!" incessantly would only have weakened its influence upon public opinion. According to some moderate scholars, the AAUP used to be *too* cautious about voting censures. But all that changed, suddenly, when the Association, at its annual meeting last April, hastily censured eight universities and colleges—some for discharging professors accused of having been associated with subversive groups or refusing loyalty-oaths or appealing to the Fifth Amendment, others for allegedly irregular discharges unconnected with the problem of Communism or even with any political question. (The last previous censure in force dated back to 1942.) The censures themselves, and the manner in which they were voted, aroused much resentment at the meeting, some of the scholars who had been most active at their own institutions in opposing administrative policies were indignant, and there have been resignations from membership.

Still more injurious to the Association's reputation has been the Special Report on Academic Freedom and National Security accepted by the majority of the delegates. The Report positively commended such institutions as have tolerated Communists on their faculties, suggesting that it would be well to encourage the appointment of fresh Communists so that the doctrines of Communism might be refuted by free discussion (!). (As one able critic remarked of this, universities do not find it necessary to appoint Egyptians to chairs of Egyptology, or to find homosexuals to teach homosexuality.) The AAUP condescended not to censure the University of Washington, despite its former stand on Fifth Amendment cases, in part because the University recently had the saving grace to appoint a foreign "philosophical anarchist" to a position.

Now whatever the leaders of the AAUP may think of Communism, it is improbable that any of them seriously think there is much to be said in favor of anarchy, theoretical or applied. It seems, then, that they are in favor of crackpottery *per se.* So long as an institution appoints certified political crackpots to its faculty, it is safe from censure. To be perfectly safe from removal for any cause, fellow professors, declare yourselves Communists or anarchists!

Professor Sidney Hook wrote of this Special Report, "I am convinced that the practical effect of the enunciation of the Special Committee's principles will be gravely damaging to the AAUP and, more important, to the cause of academic freedom." He is quite right; the damage already is perceptible.

But the AAUP is now doing something to retrieve its good repute. In the current (autumn) number of its *Bulletin* is a long and prudent report on the case of Professor Frank Richardson at the University of Nevada. This case is described in my book *Academic Freedom,* and more briefly in Professor Root's *Collectivism on the Campus* and Professor MacIver's *Academic Freedom in Our Time.* All three books agree in condemning the discharge of Professor Richardson as an outrageous abuse of authority on the part of the president of the University, one Minard Stout, a doctor of education and former high-school principal. Elsewhere I have called President Stout a disgrace to the higher learning in America. I now confess that I was too kind. His conduct was a disgrace upon the whole of American society.

Well, the AAUP, after a lengthy and painstaking investigation of Dr. Richardson's case, now publishes its report, with appended documents; and it does not hesitate to condemn President Stout and his coterie. Such a report usually is followed by a vote of censure; and if the Association does censure the University of Nevada, it will be widely praised, I feel confident.

Politics had no part in the discharge of Dr. Richardson. That scholar had the temerity to stand up, modestly and candidly, simply for decent standards of admission and instruction at his own University. For such presumption, he was insulted and discharged by the president and the Board of Regents. The Supreme Court of Nevada, however, overturned the Regents' action and reinstated Professor Richardson — who remains, however uncomfortably, at the University. The AAUP's report is a further vindication of Dr. Richardson's moderate and courageous conduct, and may have some influence in deterring administrators of Dr. Stout's stamp, at other universities, from trampling underfoot any professor who really believes a university ought to be an educational institution.

If the AAUP had spent less time, the past several years, in declaring that Communists have the right to tenure, and more in declaring that conscientious scholars have the right to tenure, it would not now find itself an object of suspicion all the way from *Time* and *Newsweek* to New York's Liberal Party.

Principles and Heresies

FRANK S. MEYER

Hypocrisy—or Prudence?

I have always thought there was a good deal to be said for what the more logical nations call "Anglo-Saxon hypocrisy." Time after time it turns out that what is meant by "hypocrisy" is no more than a happy exercise of prudence—prudence being the virtue that applies principle to circumstance.

A case in point is the doctrine of clear and present danger. Through its operation, a totalitarian conspiracy that attempts to mask itself as a legitimate expression of freedom of speech has been brought within the scope of the criminal law, without endangering the essence of the constitutional guarantees of freedom. For some time under attack from the Left as a hypocritical evasion of the issue of freedom of speech, this doctrine has recently been condemned also by certain voices on the Right—with a different object, of course, but in much the same tenor.

As might be expected, the Left, with its Jacobinical heritage of abstract rigidity, attacks the doctrine on the grounds that freedom of speech is a right overriding the claims of all other rights. Thus, it completely disposes of any function for prudence in mediating conflict *between* rights or in implementing them in practice.

Only the exercise of prudence can bridge the gap between the absolute claims of metaphysical values and the contradictory demands to which they give rise in the concrete world in which we live. Without the exercise of that virtue it would be necessary, for example, in the case of the Communist conspiracy either to allow it to go unchecked until it encompassed the destruction of the very memory of the principle of freedom; or, in order to check it, to reduce freedom of speech from a principle to an expendable luxury, scrapping the Constitution to defend the Constitution.

It is undoubtedly true that Justice Holmes, who in *Schenck v. U.S.* promulgated the doctrine of clear and present danger, was himself largely motivated by philosophical considerations of a pragmatic cast. But the arguments he used are equally susceptible to interpretation in the light of a philosophical position that accepts the objective existence of truth and value, relying upon prudence to work out the rival claims of differing values in the shifting and transitory circumstances of history. It is hard to see how any reasonable man can disagree with Holmes' dictum: "The most stringent protection of free speech would not protect a man in falsely shouting fire in a theatre and causing a panic."

"Preferred Rights"

Yet the position of the Left, as expressed in its criticism of the doctrine of clear and present danger (and particularly of the developments of that doctrine in recent years in the Dennis case and elsewhere) would seem to imply that the right to cry fire in a crowded theatre *does* take precedence over the right of the spectators to preserve their lives. The theory of "preferred rights," which asserts that the guarantees of freedom of speech are superior to all other parts of the Constitution—and to the Constitution as a whole—makes short work of the need for prudence, by denying the validity of all other rights and therefore of the possibility of a clash of rights.

This is not the first time that the concept of rights grounded in the nature of man has been perverted by the Left into an arbitrary fiat sanctifying the particular slogans by which the drive to power was to be consummated. The Jacobins confined the claims of rights to what was consonant with the needs of "the revolutionary nation"; the Bolsheviks, to the demands of the dictatorship of the proletariat and the greater glory of the Party. Our welfare-statist champions of "preferred rights" not only subordinate the whole complex structure of the constitutional order that guarantees all individual rights to a single set of rights, but further limit the applicability of these latter to those groups they favor, so that while the rights of free speech apply to Communists and union organizers, they do not apply to segregationists and anti-union employers.

Such simplification is understandable enough coming from the Left, which has never recognized the anti-Utopian truth that life on this earth can never more than arduously strive to approximate to the ideal, and which, therefore, is scornful both of the necessity and of the possibility of prudence as a mediator between the ideal and the actual. But it is disturbing to find notions being disseminated on the Right that reflect the same kind of simplification, although with opposite conclusions.

The Mediation of Prudence

Terrified by the chaos of our times, impressed by the need for order, authority, and the preservation of tradition, some conservatives are in effect saying: Since it is possible that a man may cry fire in a crowded theatre, the concept of the right of freedom of speech is itself false and erroneous. Because Jacobins and totalitarians have demagogically utilized the idea of freedom and "the rights of man," it is maintained that any political theory built upon the freedom and the innate rights of the individual person leads to Jacobinism and totalitarianism. And where prudence has created a doctrine such as the doctrine of clear and present danger, one capable of defending the foundations of social order while maintaining the integrity of the principle of freedom, they, like the Left, spurn it as hypocritical.

That the dictates of right reason will on occasion seem to conflict one with another in the political arena is a necessary corollary of the fact that we live in an imperfect world. It is no ground for denying the truths of reason. The prudential faculty is given us to make these truths materially viable. If it must be dubbed "hypocrisy"—so be it. But, then, Heaven help the nation that lacks a modicum of "hypocrisy."

ARTS and MANNERS

WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

Separate Tables

Should your fascinations be those of a nasty youngster who loves to tear wings off live flies, you *must* go and see *Separate Tables* by Mr. Terence Rattigan, a "worldly" English version of our own Mr. Tennessee Williams.

The thing was last year's sensation in London, or anyhow a hit, and it is most likely going to be a smash hit in New York, too, for reasons I shall discuss in a while. Mr. Rattigan has an undeniable talent for transposing Ibsen onto the level of the lowest forms of life, a talent Broadway audiences could have noticed, two seasons ago, in *The Deep Blue Sea.* This play, one may recall, was devoted to the proposition that life is getting sucher and sucher and that many a girl loves beneath her station—all undeniably true but not altogether worthy of the considerable exertion and expense of an evening in the theatre. This time, in *Separate Tables,* Mr. Rattigan contends that life is getting even sucher and that many a man loves beneath his station; also, in the second play (for *Separate Tables* is billed as "two plays"), that a slightly used and more than slightly degenerate man of about fifty still deserves our tolerant sympathy as long as he offends the moral prejudices of society.

At this point, I interrupt my critical report in order to answer certain objections to my criticism. I have been repeatedly accused of being a regrettably literal reporter. That is, I have been scolded for heaping scorn on a contemporary play by implying that it meant to say what it was saying. Isn't, I was asked, the factual information a play conveys on life its least important aspect?

To this, my answer is an unequivocal No. Second only to his desire to make money, a playwright's motivation in writing plays is his urge to present his view of life. The old saw that the plot is the least important ingredient of a Shakespeare play is a thoughtless and demonstrably deceitful cliché. For, though it is true that Shakespeare was not particularly choosy in borrowing his plots from all conceivable sources, he borrowed them in order to isolate the last shreds of human meaning from an accidental conflagration.

Shakespeare, in truth, more than any other playwright, takes seriously to the last degree the information that his plot contains. He, the ultimate poet, would never hide behind an alleged poetic license to discount the factual message for the sake of inspired verbal flights. Lear's violent recognition of his daughters' unworthiness may be exaggerated and even perverse, but it is without any doubt the meaning of the play. The play was written around this human fact, and because of it.

I am, in other words, applying to the contemporary play the basic rules of the craft when I insist that a play, first of all, is to be measured by the point of view it takes on life. That a madman can produce fascinating arabesques is as indubitably true as that a Communist can have genius. But it is a critic's inexorable duty to note the primary fact that the madman is a madman and the Communist a Communist. He can then go on and analyze the madman's gifted fancy and the Communist's talented guile.

In the case of Mr. Rattigan, who is neither a madman nor a Communist, I can report neither fancy nor guile. He seems to have a stenographic ear for the snooty language the English middle class uses to indicate sophistication. He knows how to get a person off the stage and when to make a person use the phone. Also, I am willing to vouch that the pretty asinine reference to Senator McCarthy, in the second play, has been built in, not to advocate a political position, but to get a rise out of the audience. (It unfailingly does.) In short, Mr. Rattigan has really no more to say than he says. And he says nothing. Nothing, that is, beyond the message of such contemporary ballads as "My Man" and "Night and Day." To wit: to live with a woman (man) is almost as bad as to live without her (him), and that sort of thing.

The two plays get a competent and in parts superb performance by a British cast whose principals are Miss Margaret Leighton and Mr. Eric Portman. But superior acting is not—not yet, at least—the essence of a Broadway hit. If *Separate Tables* moves into that rarified class, it will be due to the vulgar snobbishness of a theatre audience which apes the response of the city's reputable drama critics. And, in this case, their response was an unmitigated scandal.

Mr. Brooks Atkinson, of the *Times,* waxed hymnical. "A particularly fine play. . . . The first play is knowing and expert, the second is also profoundly moving. . . . A masterpiece in miniature. . . . The pity and the insight are admirably expressed. . . . The most penetrating inquiry into the human spirit. . . . Works of art in their own right. . . . Basic decencies, hopes and perceptions. . . . Everything about *Separate Tables* is enlightened theater. . . ."

Speaking of inquiry into the human spirit, I am tempted to give up, at least so far as my running inquiry into Mr. Atkinson's spirit is concerned. Granted that he is demonstrably one of the least sensitive New Yorkers to grace Broadway's first nights; still, no other New Yorker would have been naive enough to use such language on such plays. Mr. Walter Kerr of the *Herald Tribune,* for instance, also waxed dutifully hymnical about the performance but (and only in the last two paragraphs of his long review!) had merely this to say about Mr. Rattigan's play: "I have not meant to neglect author Rattigan. . . . There is, to be sure, an air of trim but transparent carpentry at the Music Box. . . . But the building is neat, it is practical. . . . I'd say he's made up a prize package. . . ."

To Mr. Atkinson, who is positively rocked 'n rolled by *any* snide reference to Senator McCarthy, such prudent praise would never do. He is simply gone. The only authentically comic figure on Broadway, Mr. Atkinson supplies the buffoon's relief to the sordid theatrical mess. But, in clowning, he also pulls snobbish audiences into undeserving theatre. I think we are paying more for Mr. Atkinson than he is worth.

BOOKS IN REVIEW

Orwell: Prophet After the Fact

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

In his introduction to *The Orwell Reader* (Harcourt, Brace, $5.95), Richard Rovere says that the mark of George Orwell on his contemporaries was "large and clear and good." It was all of this. But, as Christopher Hollis suggests in his *Study of George Orwell* (Regnery, $3.75), the Orwell influence was not quite good enough.

It was, for one thing, a little belated. Orwell was a man who could only learn from experience. He spent the forty-seven years of his life revising and rejecting what he had thought to be true the year before. Since he was endowed with the capacity to learn from experience, every new position he reached was an improvement on the last. But Orwell, the man of rectitude, was never really convinced that he had found anything of a truly lasting nature to be right about. He was, as the saying goes, a man of principle. But what to be principled about eluded him to the very end of his days.

Orwell was an artist who wrote fables which, in Christopher Hollis' words, represent a fusion of political and artistic purpose. When all of its political references—the boar (bore?) who represents Karl Marx, the brilliant pig who is Trotsky and the sly though basically dull porker who is Stalin—are lost in the shadows of historical antiquity, his *Animal Farm* will be read, no doubt, as a self-consistent fantasy on the order of *Gulliver's Travels. Nineteen Eighty-four* will likewise live by virtue of its imaginative cohesiveness, its sustained atmosphere of perverse adventure. Kept alive by their literary qualities, these books will be "there," available for rediscovery as political tracts whenever mankind is threatened with a recurrence of the totalitarian diseases of the twentieth century.

In the introduction to *The Orwell Reader* Mr. Rovere does full justice to Orwell as a writer "of great force and distinction." He calls attention to the matchlessly vivid descriptions in the less well known Orwell novels, he commends Orwell for an ability to "deal superbly with the individual consciousness and with the intercourse of character." But the interesting thing to me is that Rovere, another disillusioned socialist who can hardly conceive that there might be genuinely anti-collectivist principles, had to wait for Orwell to bring "stunning clarity" to the central problems of our time.

The truth is that Orwell, like so many others who have insisted on babying their early emotional commitments to Marxism of one sort or another, was always on the slow freight as a political thinker. *Animal Farm* and *Nineteen Eighty-four* have the moving power—and the popular appeal—of art, but, as Christopher Hollis points out, they are more or less "pure James G. Burnham," a fact which eludes Rovere. Orwell saw through the shoddy Communist pretensions to virtue in Spain, but John Dos Passos' revealing *Adventures of a Young Man* was available during all those months in which Rovere was waiting for the "clarity" of Orwell's *Homage to Catalonia.* Orwell's discoveries of parallel qualities in Fascism and Communism, sound though they may be, came long after the first disillusioned writings of William Henry Chamberlin, Max Eastman, Eugene Lyons and half a dozen other Americans whose lamentations and prophecies graced the pages of the *New Leader* when Rovere was busy waiting for an Englishman to give him his cues.

It is no fault of Orwell's, of course, that his disciples see in him originative virtues to which he himself never pretended. Nevertheless, Rovere's introduction to *The Orwell Reader* stands as one more instance of the "advanced" response of the fashionable intellectual who is always five or ten years behind the common sense of the average person who reads little more than the sports pages or Dick Tracy.

Christopher Hollis is just as adulatory of Orwell's good points as is Rovere. But he doesn't fall for any guff about "the magnificent gesture of Orwell's career." Orwell simply did what is required of any writer: he was honest with himself. Learning things slowly and painfully, Orwell came to see through most of the particulars of socialism. He never saw through the generality. In the early days of the war Orwell wrote that Hitler had proved that a "planned society" is more efficient for war than an open-ended capitalistic democracy. Orwell's "necessary" war aims for Britain were standard Harold Laski: he was for a society of approximately equal incomes in which "everybody is a State employee." In 1945 he admitted that his "necessary" aims had not been essential to victory: the sloppy capitalists and democrats had beaten the "planners" without a Laski-dictated program. Nevertheless, Orwell obdurately remained a socialist.

It is good, of course, to be able to learn from experience. But what if the experiences never lead from the particular to the general? And wouldn't it have been better if Orwell had been able to anticipate experience by the use of reason as applied to a reading of tradition?

Christopher Hollis says that Orwell had come to a "turning point" just before he died. He had already sensed that "liberty is of its nature a protest of the apolitical against the inordinate claims of the political." But he hadn't digested any of the fundamentals that guarantee the "apolitical society" against the diseases of power. Nor could he claim that there had been nobody around in England to teach him anything; after all, when Orwell died in 1950 it had been many, many years since a young man named Hilaire Belloc had written *The Servile State,* a work which Orwell had read but never understood.

With Rovere I am all for honoring prophets. But just let Orwell move over a bit for his prophetic betters, including Hilaire Belloc.

Why Anti-Capitalism?

The Anti-Capitalistic Mentality, by Ludwig von Mises. 114 pp. Princeton, N.J.: D. Van Nostrand Company. $3.75

Economic science and common sense have demonstrated time and again the superiority of unhampered capitalism over all other economic systems, yet the triumph of collectivist ideas and policies remains the major fact of our century. Why? Why are people giving up the high living standards and individual liberty, those corollaries of *laissez-faire* capitalism? Professor Ludwig von Mises —one of the great economists of our age—here breaks new ground in probing the answers to this question.

Are we simply suffering from an epidemic of universal error in reasoning? Or is there also what we might call a psychopathology of anti-capitalism? Does the free market, despite its enormous benefits, engender a climate hostile to itself? Mises thinks it does, and he brilliantly outlines many of the sources of infection.

For example, in a caste society a man, assigned to a fixed station in life, cannot blame himself for failing to rise; the social system is responsible. But a free market permits every man to rise as far as he can, and assigns positions in accordance with success in satisfying consumer desires. A man has only himself to blame for a lowly post; his is a personal failure. To remove the blame from his shoulders, he looks around for a scapegoat; and finds one in the "capitalist system." Everyone may suffer from this resentment, since each man can find someone above him on the social scale. Other sources of resentment: the hostility of white collar workers against higher-paid manual labor; the insecurity of entertainers in a fickle market; the enmity of relatives of big businessmen; etc.

There are many other insights in this book, such as penetrating observations on the decline of classical education and the consequences in promoting anti-capitalism, or on Lenin as a "filing-clerk" philosopher. Indeed, every page sparkles.

At the end of this profoundly stimulating work, we are left with the problem: if anti-capitalist resentment is so pervasive, how can it be overcome? Will a moral philosophy of individualism—and a consequent moral condemnation of envy—complement the utilitarian arguments for unhampered capitalism?

MURRAY N. ROTHBARD

Lovable Elia

The Selected Letters of Charles Lamb, edited with an introduction by T. S. Matthews. 291 pp. New York: Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. $4.00

Reading or rereading the letters of Lamb makes one painfully aware, not only of the utterly degenerate state into which the epistolary art has fallen since his day, but of the equally degenerate state into which the world and so many of its brave, gray-flanneled knights have fallen, too.

Lamb's homekeeping trivialities have a way of seeming terribly important when stacked up alongside today's headline urgencies. His playful indirections and casual franknesses show up our crude plain-speakings for the vapid shufflings or nasty blurts they so often are. His intense love for the human person, his passion for genuine character and honest individualism put to shame our big talk about the sacredness of personality and the dignity of man. His preternatural patience, his little routine acts of loving kindness and Christian charity cause most of our vaunted humanitarian activities to pale into insignificance, or stand suddenly exposed for the whopping frauds they have been all along. Our proudly proclaimed virtues are as nothing compared with his endearing weaknesses and vices.

Perhaps Lamb wasn't a great man. Perhaps he shouldn't even be mentioned in the same breath with the world's writers. Perhaps his characterization of Coleridge as "an Archangel a little damaged" could with even less accuracy be said of Lamb himself. Perhaps Thackeray should never have started all that loose talk about Saint Charles in the first place.

But enough of what Lamb wasn't. What matters is what he was. And in this superbly edited selection of his letters, though one will not of course find all of Lamb, one will, most assuredly, find the soul of him. All of the unforgettably revealing, all of the heartwarming, heartstabbing letters are here—the one to Crabb Robinson, telling him of the death of that nonentity, poor Norris ("To the last he called me Charley. I have none to call me Charley now")—the one to Dr. Asbury (". . . it is not a seemly sight for an old gentleman to go home pick-a-back").

Mr. Matthews tells us in his excellent if occasionally a bit too guarded introduction that "a poet professor of our day says coldly: 'Let others enjoy the dreary quaintness of Elia: I will not try, and I shall not expect my students to do so.' Peace to the poet-professor and his non-expected students; let them go elsewhere. . . ."

But lest the un-Lamb reader be misled, we feel it a patriotic duty to inform him that, although he will

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surely find God's plenty of humor and humanity in these letters, he may also discover that Mr. Matthews has prepared for us a potentially dangerous, a clearly subversive book, capable of blowing the mores, the whole value-fabric of our Modern world to Bikini and back in the flick of an eyelash. For the shattering details, see almost any page of this harmless-appearing little volume.

JOHN ABBOT CLARK

Fun, Plus

Gumption Island, A Fantasy of Coexistence, by Felix Morley. 306 pp. Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printers, Ltd. $5.00

Felix Morley's forte is political science, and he is pretty good at it. Hence, when he delves into science-fiction, one is not surprised that his purpose is to expound views in his chosen field, but one is a bit wary about his skill as a fictioneer. Also, is he sound in his science?

It was with such doubts that I opened his new book, *Gumption Island.* As for his science, I am in no position to judge. As for his political science, I am inclined to quarrel. But I closed the book with conviction that he is, in the best sense of the word, a storyteller.

The island, off the coast of Maryland, is thrown off its space-time moorings by a hydrogen bomb during World War III. That is, it is lifted from its ocean base, cast far from the mainland, and, in addition, is thrust back in time by fifty million years. The hundred-odd survivors, who lose nearly everything except their memories, are faced with the problem of establishing an economy and a form of government; also, with the necessity of defending themselves against prehistoric monsters that the action of the bomb has revived. Their trials and tribulations afford Morley an opportunity to work out what, to him, is an ideal social order, a free economy and a perfect political system. He even suggests a constitution which, while it follows the American model, avoids its inadequacies. *Gumption Island* is sheer reading fun, even though Morley probably intended the book to be instructive.

FRANK CHODOROV

REVIEWED IN BRIEF

A Carnival of Buncombe, by H. L. Mencken. Edited by Malcolm Moos. 370 pp. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. $4.50

"It has been, by God's will, a very bitter campaign, which is to say, an unusually honest one," said Mencken in 1928. In this year's very sugary, which is to say, unusually dishonest campaign, when not only the candidates but most of the commentators distinguished themselves by a glassy, standard-brand nicety, it would have been tonic if some newspaper—in place of its syndicated pundits—had reprinted these 69 diatribes which Mencken discharged from 1920 to 1926. (After that, he gave up: government by "milch cow with 125,000,000 teats" had become the permanent will of the pee-pul.) It is not only that his remarks are shrewd, hot, arrogant, undissembling, and very funny. They also amount to the last voice in American newspapers which dared unapologetically prefer the first-rate, the exceptional, to the mediocre.

Ships of Steam, by Lamont Buchanan. 192 pp. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company. $5.95

With atomically powered boats imminent, there will have been at least 100 years in maritime history when steam-driven ships laced the world in their network and, along with the telegraph and the airplane, radically changed our planetary scale. Here are the heroines of this epoch, from the *Great Eastern,* an "impractical dinosaur" launched in 1858, to the elegant *Normandie,* the dashing United States, the imperial *Queen Mary,* and the late, gracious *Andrea Doria.*

Tales of a Teacher, by Beatrice Stephens Nathan. 302 pp. Chicago: Henry Regnery Company. $4.00

Like advertising, Education (as distinct from teaching) has detached itself from the end to which it was originally a means, and become one of the most widely-organized rackets a churl can get into these days. Between the pupil and his teacher, it interposes a bulky bureaucracy of administrators, specialists, theorists, methodologists, psychiatrists, and textbook manufacturers, whose activity is as pernicious as it is predatory. For thirty-one years, Beatrice Nathan taught in the public schools of California, and anyone who reads her book will know that teaching was her vocation. If she retired fifteen years before "the legal age limit," it was only because the apparatus of Education no longer allowed her, in any real sense of the word, to teach. A moving testament, her book is also a sharp warning: the only remaining hope is the emergence of self-respecting parents.

Diamond, by Emily Hahn. 314 pp. New York: Doubleday & Company. $3.95

Though the great diamond rush in South Africa was under way by 1869, London economic circles insisted for several years that it was only a hoax, to lure investment into a wasteland. But by 1900, the vast DeBeers empire had been consolidated under Cecil Rhodes, and the upstart Kimberley millionaire trying to buy his way into the peerage was a stock musical comedy butt. Since then an aloof, little publicized enterprise, South African diamonds have nonetheless underwritten a large area of world credit. Emily Hahn has recorded its myths, gossip, and mores without too much discretion.

The Big Nickelodeon, by Maritta Wolff. 373 pp. New York: Random House. $3.95

Ortega y Gasset once observed that the decline of the novel was inevitable unless writers would admit the as-yet-unsettled territories of human psychology—the darker, less pretty corners of the heart—into their pages. Maritta Wolff is probably not herself a writer of permanence, but the courage with which her books have sought out these corners should be an example to many better writers who are still too shy or uncandid to match her honesty. This time she explores the purlieus of Hollywood where bums, cranks, misfits, and the secretly broken are the statistical norm.

(Reviewed by Roger Becket)

To the Editor

The Quakers' Report

I have just finished reading Eugene Lyons' attack [Sept. 22] on the report we six American Quakers have published about our visit to the Soviet Union . . . .

Mr. Lyons' chief polemical device in his article is to quote a word or phrase from our pamphlet and then to provide his own interpretation of what we really meant by what we said, what we really meant by what we didn't say, and what we really meant by not saying what he thinks we ought to have said. This is a handy method of attack because it permits you to convict your victim of just about anything you wish—as long as you can keep your audience from taking the trouble to read the victim's statements for themselves.

. . . Our pamphlet, called *Meeting the Russians,* is available from the American Friends Service Committee at 20 South 12th St., Philadelphia 7; and it costs 35 cents. Readers of NATIONAL REVIEW who venture to risk 35 cents . . . will then be able to make up their own minds about the evils of our report and the fairness of Mr. Lyons' attack.

WILLIAM B. EDGERTON
Ass't Professor of Slavic
Languages, Columbia University
New York City

Mr. Burnham vs. Mr. Schlamm

I have just finished reading the articles by Mr. James Burnham and Mr. William S. Schlamm ["Should Conservatives Vote for Eisenhower-Nixon," October 20]. I will say here and now that I agree with Mr. Burnham. . . . I do not believe Mr. Schlamm is observing the speeches being made by hole-in-the-shoe Stevenson and coonskin Estes . . . a new America in which we will all be rich, all taxes will be abolished, and foreign aid will be doubled, the halting of the draft and suspension of further nuclear experimentation will be part of their new order. We must not forget the . . . provision of a cabinet seat for Mrs. Roosevelt, or a throne in the UN for Uncle Harry!

Nashua, N.H. EUGENE E. DE PONTRIAND

. . . Despite the points brought out by Mr. Burnham . . . I am inclined to feel that any conservative who really thinks the matter through and takes a long-range view of conservative prospects, must come to the conclusion that Mr. Schlamm reached . . . After all, a conservative who votes for Eisenhower on the half-a-loaf-is-better-than-none principle will quickly find that his half-loaf is crawling with maggots . . .

Baltimore, Md. J. D. FUTCH

Mr. Schlamm's essay on the predicament of the conservative is a masterpiece. I had come to the same decision, without the detailed analysis. . . .

LESLIE W. NEWBERRY
South Windsor, Conn.

Mr. Schlamm concedes that the Republic will undergo punishment at the hands of a Stevenson Administration, but assures us that, having "survived several times before," we "will survive again."

I wonder. I am not at all certain about that. On the contrary, it seems to me entirely possible that Stevenson will finish what Roosevelt began and Truman continued. Like a drowning man, we may well go down for the third and last time.

"Under Stevenson," continued Mr. Schlamm, "we shall have returned to the muscular toughness of a two-party system." But it takes no stretch of political imagination to see that an Eisenhower defeat would be blamed . . . not on the "new Republicanism" but on Nixon's alleged conservatism. Thus the Stassenites would . . . proceed to mop up the remnants of the Republican right wing. . . .

New York City R. DUMONT

I fully concur with the theories on how conservatives should vote as expressed by Mr. Schlamm. To save the conservatives from extinction and non-representation in government, the Eisenhower Republicans must be defeated. If ever there was any doubt regarding Eisenhower's qualifications for making U.S. foreign policy "in the interest of U.S. security," his announcement that he will continue to bribe Tito with U.S. aid should convince the voting public that the nation will be best served with the defeat of Eisenhower. It may well be the repudiation of appeaser Eisenhower would stimulate Congress to free themselves from Executive dictation. MRS. JOHN J. MATTHEWS
New York City

Should conservatives vote for Eisenhower-Nixon? Yes, said Mr. Burnham so convincingly that I couldn't but agree. No, said Mr. Schlamm so convincingly that I couldn't but agree. Now, what do I do?

West Hartford, Conn. ALOISE HEATH

Correction

In James Burnham's review of *An Inquiry into Soviet Mentality* (Nov. 3), the technical adjective "categorial" was erroneously printed, in two instances, as "categorical."

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